

## The Cities Loyaltie to their KING.

**W**hy kept your Train-Bands such a stirre?  
why sent you them by clutters,  
Then went unto Saint James's Parke,  
why took you then their musters?  
Why rid my Lord up Fleet-street,  
with Coaches at least twenty?  
And fill'd, they say, with Aldermen,  
as good they had beene empty:  
*London is a brave Towne,  
yet I their cases pitty.  
Their Maior and some few Aldermen,  
have cleane undone the City.*

The Prentices are gallant Blades,  
and to the King are clifty,  
But the Lord Maior and Aldermen,  
are scarce so wise as thrifty:  
He pray for the Apprentices,  
they to the King were hearty;  
For they have done all that they can,  
to advance their Soveraignes party:  
*London, &c.*

What's now become of your brave Poyntz,  
and of your Generall Massey?  
If you Petition for a peace,  
these Gallants they will flash yee:  
Where now are all your reformadoes,  
to Scotland gone together?  
Twere better they were fairly trust,  
then they should bring them hither:  
*London, &c.*

But if your Aldermen were false,  
or Glyn that's your Recorder,  
Let them never betray you more,  
but hang them up in order:  
All these men may be coacht as well  
as any other sinner  
Up Holborne, and ride forward still  
to Tyburne to their dinner:  
*London, &c.*

God send the valiant Generall may  
restore the King to glory,  
Then that name I have honoured so,  
will famous be in story:  
Which if he doe not I much feare  
the ruine of the Nation,  
(And that I should be loth to see)  
his Houses desolation:  
*London is a brave Towne;  
yet I their cases pitty.  
Their Maior and some few Aldermen  
have cleane undone the City.*

## The II. MEMBERS Justi- fication.

**D**En. Hollis is a gallant man,  
and was for them too crafty,  
What he pretended for the King,  
was for the Members safety:  
Sir Stapleton's a sterne brave boy,  
although his Spouse be courtly,  
He went to Torke, and's labour lost,  
he could not bring Franck Wortley:  
*The Parliament hath sitten close,  
as ere did Knight in saddle,  
For they have sitten full six yeares,  
and now their egges prove addle.*

Brave Fairfax did himselfe besiege  
poore Franke, and him hath undone,  
Yet lost more men in taking him,  
then he did taking London:  
Now whither is Will. Waller gone?  
to Sea with Prince Elector,  
Will he forsake his Lady so,  
and leave her no Protector?  
*The Parliament, &c.*

Jack Maynard is a loyall blade,  
yet blind as any Beetle,  
He purchases the Bishops Lands,  
yet scarce can see Pauls steeple.  
Both Glyn and Harlowe are for Wales,  
and Lewis for his Madams,  
These Brittaines will not change their bloods;  
with Noa's no scarce with Adams:  
*The Parliament, &c.*

Clotworthy is a zealous man,  
yet hath his purse well lined;  
So hath Wat Lo g. yet he's we know  
religiously inclined:  
But Nichols is for Pluto's Court,  
in-inquest of his Father,  
Or's Uncle Pym, and there he found,  
Strowd, Hamden, Pym, together:  
*The Parliament, &c.*

These three have Pluto's Mercury sent,  
and wonder they prove such men,  
To make three Kingdomes one poor State,  
and doe it worse then Dutch-men:  
Their Synod now sits in great feare,  
and so does Jack Presbyter,  
That we shall have a King againe,  
and once more see a Miter:  
*Yet they have sitten wondrous close,  
As ere did Knight in saddle,  
For they have sitten full seven yeeres,  
And now their Egges prove adule.*  
**FINIS.**



**The Dagonizing of Bartholomew Fayre**, caused through the  
 Lord Majors Command, for the battering downe the vanities of  
 the Gentiles, comprehended in Flag and Pole, ap-  
 pertayning to Puppet-play.

*The 23. of August being the day before the Apostolicke Fayre.*

**O**N August's foure and twentieth Eve,  
 The Cities Sovereigne and the Shrieve  
 To Smithfield came if you'l beleeve  
     to see th'ungodly flagges.  
 The Livery men were fore put too'r,  
 Though some wore shoe, and some wore boot,  
 They 'wre all constrained to trans on foot,  
     God save 'em.

Entring through Duck-lane at the Crowne,  
 The soveraigne Cit began to frowne,  
 As if 't abated his renowne,  
     the paine did so o'retop him.  
 Downe with these Dagon then, quoth he,  
 They outbrave my dayes Regality,  
 For's pride and partiality  
     Jove crop him.

He have no puppet-playes, quoth he,  
 The harmlesse-mirth displeaseth me,  
 Begun on August twenty three,  
     'tis full twelve howres too early.  
 A Yonker then began to laugh,  
 'Gainst whom the Major advanc't white staffe,  
 And sent him to the Compter safe,  
     sans parly.

Another wight (in wofull wife)  
 Besought the Major, his puppetries,  
 That he would not Babell-onize,  
     surely they were not whorish.  
 Oh do'nt my bratts Isabellize,  
 They ne're did Meretrizialize  
 Betwixt your Lordships Ladies thighs,  
     peace Villaine.

Another Mortall had a clout,  
 Which on a long pole did hang out,  
 At which the Major turn'd up his snout,  
     for he was then advancing.  
 Mounted with him came both the Shrieves,  
 And Catchpoles with their hanging sleeves,  
 They shew'd much like a den of theev's  
     though prauncing.

With that my Lord did silence breake,  
 He op'd his mouth and thus did speake,  
 Tis fittest quoth he that the weake  
     unto the walls should goe.  
 There was a Varlet (close at hand)  
 To execute (Gold chaines) command  
 Pull'd wight away straight, notwithstand-  
     ing, fowle twas.

He that shew'd wonders made of waxe,  
 Spoke in behalfe of his fine knacks,  
 Quoth he, we spit no fire of flax,  
     nor such like puppet shewes.  
 Besides we shew his Excellence,  
 Quoth Major, that is a faire pretence,  
 Gods-nigs tis time that I were hence  
     s'away 'h goes.

On top of Booth sat pudding Iohn,  
 (Lord would be loath to sit thereon,)  
 I'me sure he wisht his Lordship gone,  
     yet durst not tell him so.  
 But when his Lordship left the Fayre,  
 John set up throat did rend the Ayre,  
 And glad he was, he lowd did sweare  
     he was gone.

So was Mr. **F I N I S.**